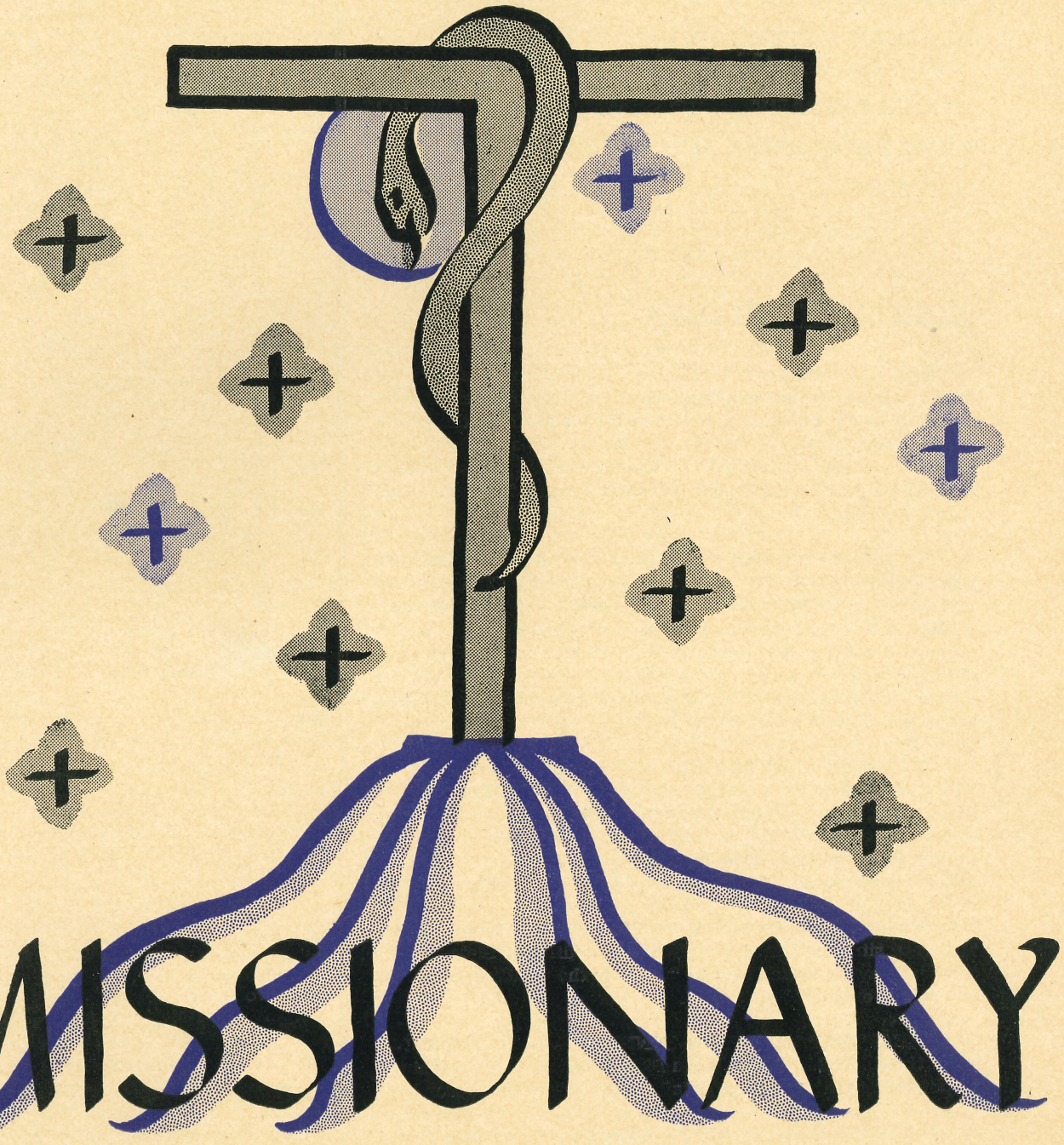
The MEDICAL MISSIONARY



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ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

SURGEON AND SAINT—Rene Goupil, the first of the North American martyrs, was both! During this month of September—on the 300th anniversary of his death at the hands of the Iroquois—Mr. J. Vincent Watson, S.J. pays fitting tribute to this "medical missionary" of the 17th century, who sought to heal bodies and win souls to Christ among the Indians of North America.

"IT IS ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL DUTIES OF OUR OFFICE TO INSTITUTE NATIVE RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN"—exhorts the Holy Father in speaking to the bishops and religious superiors of mission countries. Father John P. Fox, S.J., writes from experience concerning the native sisters and lay brothers in Alaska. Incidentally, Father Fox himself founded the Alaskan sisterhood of Our Lady of the Snows.

"IN THEIR SLENDER BROWN HANDS LIES THE FUTURE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN INDIA." Sister Alma Julia refers to the indigenous priests, seminarians and sisters. The generosity, earnestness and zeal with which the Indian sisters accept their new responsibilities in the field of medical missions is fittingly described in "Mary's Daughters."

"FROM FANS TO BEDSOCKS"—just about sums up the "weather situation" in Rawalpindi! According to Sister Elise, the best way to "take it" is to "weather the weather—whether you like it or not!"

CREAM SEPARATORS — DINNERS — AND DUCKS! — when the Medical Missionaries in Pindi received all three, things began to happen! Read the details in At Home and Abroad.

HARVEST TIME IS HERE! We urge you to "help please to harvest and heal"—for CHRIST!

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

8400 Pine Road
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Member of the Catholic Press Association

SISTER M. LOYOLA, S.C.M.M.
Editor

Published monthly except July and August by The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, Inc., 8400 Pine Road, Philadelphia, Pa., in the interest of Medical Missions and Women of the Orient.

United States: Medical Mission House
8400Pine Road
Fox Chase, Phila, Pa.
England: Medical Mission House
98 Thornbury Road
Osterley, Middlesex
Holland: Medical Mission Sisters
Imstenraede
Heerlen, Holland

SUBSCRIPTION
$1 per year; $5 for 6 years

Entered as second class matter, September 11, 1928, at the Post Office of Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CONCERNING EXPIRATIONS

The figures appearing on the address label of your magazine indicate the date of expiration. For example: 1-41 means that the subscription is paid to January, 1941. The first figure (1) indicates the month; the second (41), the year.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct Hospitals, dispensaries, maternity, and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

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Rene Goupil --- Surgeon and Saint

by

J. Vincent Watson, S.J.

The France of the middle sixteen forties was a little too taken up with its own importance to pay much heed to a bulletin that came in overseas from New France. "Rene Goupil, surgeon, slain by savages somewhere south of Quebec." That was all. There was little more to tell. The relatives were notified and the name of the young surgeon was soon forgotten.

New York should not forget this young doctor, its first martyr—nor should America. We who have read of doctors' odysseys , of country doctors and their horse and buggy ramblings, can well afford to think of this frail Frenchman who had an odyssey all his own, and a love of God almost beyond our power to comprehend.

The boats of English colonists were nosing their way along the coast towards Jamestown in 1607 when the little heathen Rene was brought by his mother to a baptismal font in France. Throughout his boyhood both the English and French in the New World were trying to outdo one another in gobbling up the territory between Jamestown and Quebec. What strategy could not accomplish, force was sure to win. By the time Rene was twenty, England had hammered France sufficiently to fly the Union Jack over most of the forts of the northern country. Then began the long see-saw of alternate domination. Between the lines of the war bulletins drifting back to France, Rene could read his fill of the savages that roamed all this country between Quebec and the Dutch New Amsterdam—savages that were cruel and childlike, bloodthirsty and helpless in turn.

The doors of a Jesuit Novitiate closed behind him, only to open again in a few months. It was not his heart, but his health that gave out. His body was not fitted for the life of a priest, and he was forced to return to a world that did not interest him.

Realizing the obstacles that poor health could bring to a man and the thwarting of ambition that frailness achieves, he turned to medicine as a career. He was prevented from healing souls, so he turned to the healing of bodies. Medicine he would study—surgery he would make his specialty. If his patients would not be the soulsick, they would be at least the body-weary.

With new weapons, then—the herb and the blood-letting lance in those days before the capsule and scalpel—he was ready to face the world again. Where would he establish himself for his practice? Paris had much to offer to any skilled young surgeon—as did any large city in France. However a Frenchman's world was larger now, and behind Paris there lay Quebec. Paris paid the larger fees, but Quebec could pay dividends that could not be measured by the coin of the realm.

The year 1640 found him in Quebec serving at the Jesuit residence there. He worked about the rectory and tended the sick and wounded in the hospital.

There at the residence, after his rounds at the hospital, he would sit and listen to the stories of the priests who had returned from the Indian country. After two years in Quebec, he met Father Isaac Jogues. From him Rene learned of the Huron Mission, of the wars between tribes, of the sickness, famine and horrible deaths.

"Those who are well have no need of a physician, but those who are sick." And God knows, the

(Continued on Page 108)

Mary's Daughters

by

Sister Alma Julia, S.C.M.M., Ph.G., M.T.

In India a woman is only half a a person. She has no status, except as a partner in marriage. She holds no position, except that of wife and mother. She sees only one future, to honor and obey the husband picked out for her. She knows only one happiness, to bear and rear many sons and a few daughters. Vocation, career, hobby, study, independence — these are not even words to her. College, office, nursing school — all fields of work are equally unexplored and undesired. She has neither a sister a nurse, nor a cousin a secretary, nor an aunt a school teacher. Every woman she knows has a husband and children or is a bitterly unhappy, childless widow. There is no question, no choice, no problem. It is neither: "Shall I?"—nor: "To whom?"—nor: "What if I don't?" The only variable — "When?" — is decided, not by the girl, but by the parents.

In this India of timeless traditions, of heirloom customs and sacred conservatism, there are at present about **seven thousand native sisters.** A very small drop, no doubt, in a large bucket of over four hundred million inhabitants—but nevertheless, a challenge and a revolution. These young women have made up their minds to remain virgins. They live apart in convents, without a sign of male protection or control. They work for others, going out from house to house if charity so demands, meeting every one who comes for help. Such a life is a complete revelation to Indian society. Picture to yourself the most straight-laced, mid-Victorian, un-Catholic community, and imagine the curiosity, incredulity and shocked surprise created by the introduction of the first convent of sisters. India in many spots, and wish there were more of them, is going through the same reactions, and with more courtesy and good grace than used to be displayed in the home countries back in the eighteen fifties.

Our own wards in Rawalpindi have seen and heard many an instance of this adjustment. Three groups of Indian sisters have passed through Holy Family Hospital, and the questions to which they have been subjected would wear out a saint—"Where is your husband, Sister?"—"Why don't you get married?"—"Won't you ever have any children?"—"How do you manage to provide for yourself?"—"Who buys your railway ticket, writes your letters, brings you the news and gives you jewelry?" The old mothers-in-law and the young housewives shake their heads in unison and discuss in undertones the queer answers of these sisters. But a few days in the hospital usually convince them that the nuns are sincere and in earnest. Most of these women know a good thing when they see it, and they are not slow to notice the advantages and usefulness of these nursing sisters. "I'll be back next year, Sister," they say when they leave. "You will be here, won't you?—or some one just like you?"

Indeed, it is not hard to learn to like these native sisters. They have all the good qualities of their country-women: kindness, gentleness, patience, unselfishness, obedience, meekness—plus many others as well, fostered and developed by the religious life and the nurses' training. It is not easy for them to acquire these new habits and virtues—for they are children of the soil, too. It is a new experience for them to stand alone and be responsible, and there is nothing in their own background, customs, family traditions and childhood instructions that will help to guide them in their new life. When they come to us they are shy, timid, easily confused—some a bit prone to tears when things go wrong — complete strangers to surgical cleanliness

—wholly unaware of the desperate need of accuracy and honesty on which a life often depends. When they leave they must be fully trained nurses and midwives—able to stand on their own feet and to train others if necessary.

It takes a great deal to accomplish this. They must learn to help a baby into the world without a single false move; to stop a hemorrhage without a moment lost in panic or hesitation; to raise a premature baby—fancy formulas, tube feedings, saline injections and all; to report to the doctor the condition of a ward full of patients, accurately, completely, and in less than ten minutes; to set up for a major operation, in which a second of carelessness and contamination may cause death from sepsis; to bathe and treat a patient, desperately ill or writhing in pain; to stuff calories into an unwilling fever victim and force fluids on a rebellious child; to go from bed to bed, from amebae to tubercle bacilli to typhoid germs without acquiring or transmitting any of them; to keep going in the sticky heat of summer and despite chilblains in winter. That they have done so, successfully passed examinations bear witness—but only incompletely. Their present work in the villages of Bengal and in the general hospitals of Patna and Ajmer is the best witness that they learned their lesson well.

We ourselves, both in private and in common, often smile at the pleasant memories these sisters have left behind — tiny Sister Xavier of the Bengalis, climbing on a stool to comb a patient's hair or help with an operation— graceful Sister Pauline of the Patnas, flying down the hall with her veil streaming out behind her at the urgent summons of the delivery room bell—Sister Juliana, tall and stately, looking down at a "premie" in her lap, saying: "He's gained two ounces, but I don't know where!" We cherish the recollections of the laughter of the Bengalis at recreation, like chimes tinkling in the twilight; the rosary of the Ajmers, in perfect and melodious unison; the example they all gave us in the keeping of their rule, in child-like piety and unfailing obedience and humility.

Conformable to the common human habit of remembering only the best, we have almost forgotten the difficulties that had to be overcome. The Bengalis had only a few years of grammar school education. They knew little English and less Urdu. They were taught in a mixture of English technical terms, Urdu explanations and Bengali textbooks. The Patnas spoke English fairly well, but their spelling remained a hit-and-miss affair right up to the examination. All of them had to cope with two foreign languages at once— English from us and Urdu from the patients. How they managed to unscramble all the information and instruction handed to them will forever remain a mystery! Imagine living with a French family in China and being told what to do in two strange tongues at once! Yet they struggled through and passed both a written and an oral government examination. Garlands to their stick-to-it-iveness!

Just to get the records straight —nine Bengali sisters, Associates of Mary, Queen of the Apostles, trained by the American Holy Cross Sisters, passed both nursing and midwifery in 1940; five Mission Sisters of Ajmer finished their nurses' training in 1939, and six Indian Sisters of the Sacred Heart, from the American Jesuit diocese of Patna, left Holy Family Hospital in March, 1942, full fledged nurses and midwives. We are now teaching twelve girls from South India, who will become novices as soon as they are trained nurses. They are destined to be the first community of medical missionaries in their own country of Travancore. Their high school education includes chemistry, physics and English. Now that they are accustomed to our American accent they understand us perfectly, so that the class room problem has practically disappeared. They are a gay lot, well-mannered, cultured and deeply devout. And why shouldn't they be? They are St. Thomas Christians, whose forefathers were Catholics when ours were still worshipping trees and rocks in the forests of Central Europe; so they have a perfect background and solid traditions on which to build a new religious community.

They are very precious—these Indian sisters—together with the indigenous priests and seminarians; for in their slender, brown hands lies the future of the Catholic Church in India. If, as is perfectly possible, on some day in the near future all foreign missionaries are requested to depart from Indian shores, we should like to leave behind us, not empty buildings and inert equipment, but competent nurses and midwives, fully trained religious of all types, who will carry on the work of charity and conversion. God grant us many more years to multiply, fortify and consolidate what has been started. But if not, we need not give up hope entirely. The seed has been cast in good ground and can be entrusted to God's Providence to increase and bear fruit a hundred-fold!

In going back to the font of peace of which justice is the guardian, one truth stands out in all its effulgence—that IT IS NECESSARY TO REACH THE GREAT BENEFITS THAT ARE JUSTICE AND PEACE BY MEANS OF SACRIFICE WHICH LEADS ONE TO RENOUNCE RATHER THAN TO DEMAND. Neither syndicalism nor the collaboration of classes, nor cooperating organizations, nor healthy nationalism nor perfect national education can realize in justice either social peace or the peace of nations as long as SACRIFICE is put aside and only LEGAL RIGHT seeks to triumph.—Pope Pius XII

From Fans to Bedsocks!

by

SISTER M. ELISE WIJNEN, S.C.M.M., M.D.

They tell a story about the Sahara Desert, that one of its worst hardships is this: there is nothing to talk about. The weather, you see, is always the same, hot and dry, dry and hot, the whole year round! It is hard to believe that the weather takes such a large slice out of our daily conversation, but if you will just examine your conscience you have to admit that it does. Here in Rawalpindi, at any rate, we never run out of tabletalk, for there is always—the weather!

We have pretty nearly every kind of weather there is to be had. In summer we can extol the heat——110 in the shade every day for weeks—the newspapers said so. At first, from the end of May until the middle of July, it is of the dry and scorching variety. At six a.m. the sun comes up and starts sucking the life blood out of the country. People go about their daily tasks trying to make the most out of the early morning hours; for a "time will come when no man can work." By ten or eleven a.m. the dispensary empties out, the streets become deserted, and everyone but "mad dogs and whitemen" makes for the shade and the "charpoys," (string beds). Even strangers in this country know better than to try to defy the climate. After lunch is siesta time — inviolable, uninterruptable and essential in order to keep going. With doors and windows closed, electric fans whirring at top speed and sheets soaking wet, every one tries to find forgetfulness in sleep. Around four the world comes to life again. Bathed in sweat, your eyes half-shut, and barely conscious, you emerge from your nap and stumble to the showers. But the water has been standing in the tank on the roof since early morning, and the blazing sun has raised its temperature pretty nearly to the boiling point. Oh, for an ice-cold shower! But towards the end of the dry season the water supply gives out entirely—just a little trickle twice a day, barely enough for cooking and drinking purposes. You learn to wash in two inches of water and chalk it all up to experience!

Then towards the end of July the monsoon breaks, and the blessed rains begin to fall. They start in Ceylon and gradually creep up north, followed by the breathless interest of the entire population. The newspapers report the progress of the monsoon in headlines, and the weather topic is "tops" in those days. When Delhi is reached we start to rejoice, but many a time we shout too soon. Rawalpindi is so near to the hills and so far north that often the monsoon has petered out before it gets here, and we have to be satisfied with the tail end of it. A drenching shower one morning—everyone "Oh's" and "Ah's"—but it is all over in two hours and the rain is converted into steam before the day is much older. Then we get nothing more for three days but winds and sprinkles.

This is the season of the dust storms. No middle-west farmer could dread them more than we do. The first warning is a peculiar smell in the air, somewhat like mud and rains combined. People rush to close doors and windows, just in time before the first gusnes of wind start playing around. Pretty soon the wind becomes a gale. Doors bang; clothes and papers fly around, and the peculiar smell becomes an even more peculiar taste. Whiteskin, brownskin, and redskin—all bite the dust. It gets in between your teeth, under your eyelids, up your nose, in your clothes and under your fingernails. You taste it, feel it, smell it, eat it, and breathe it! Finally great big drops of rain come down, hesitant at first, then in a pelting and splashing shower, and the dust storm is converted into a mud storm. In half an hour it clears again; the gloomy, murky atmosphere is cleansed, and the sun shines as of old.

As time goes on the monsoon becomes as great a burden as it was once a blessing. The air is saturated with moisture. Clothes hang damp and limp; book bindings fall apart; leather molds; linens rot; foodstuffs spoil, and tempers become frayed. The warm damp atmosphere hangs like a wet blanket over man and beast. Post-operative patients do badly; temperatures flare up; babies refuse to nurse; appetites flag, and "prickly heat" is rampant. This chemical irritation of the sweat glands, due to overwork, produces more sleeplessness and itching misery than many a major affliction.

But just as everything has an end, so too the heat eventually breaks, and then for two months we live in paradise. Spring and fall in Pindi are perfect. The temperature and humidity are

(Continued on Page 108)

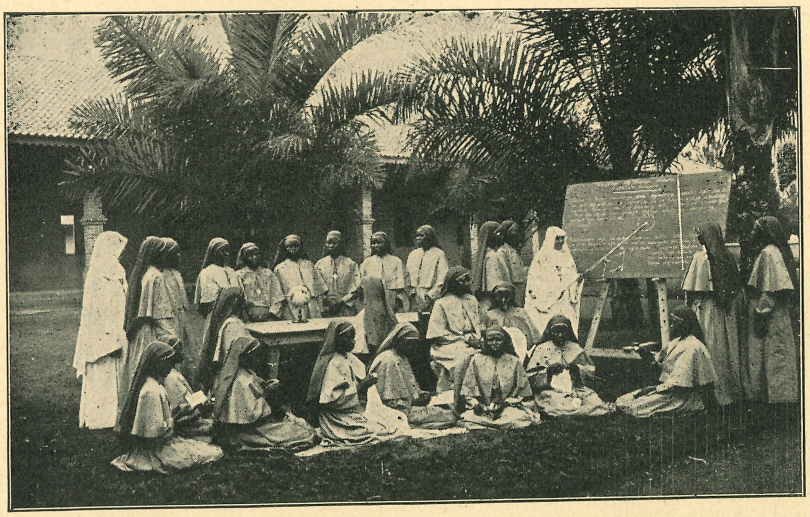
"Sisters All"

"And thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren." (Luke XXII, 32)

During the month of September the Holy Father, through the Apostleship of Prayer, has asked us to pray for the intention of "native sisters and lay brothers in the missions." In so doing the Holy See is following the example set by Christ and observed by the Church throughout the centuries. Christ came to save all men; He sent His apostles to "teach all men." That today, the Church's vast family of religious numbers among its members priests, brothers and sisters of every race and color is but consonant with the fact of the Mystical Body of Christ—for all are sisters and brothers in Him.

A Sister of the Blessed Sacrament and some of the Indian Sisters from the Little Flower Mission at Marty, South Dakota.

It seems particularly fitting then, to commemorate in some special manner the native sisterhoods which have been established in mission lands. Missionary communities recognize the fact that, after all, though they give themselves entirely to the people among whom they work, they will remain always strangers in the land of their apostolate. As the Holy Father has instructed, it remains their chief task therefore to found native religious communities which will, in turn, carry on the work of bringing Christ to their fellowmen. The past two decades have seen the establishment of many such communities in the missions. In 1933 the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda counted a total of no less than 15,616 native sisters. Six years later, in 1939, this number had increased to 18,144. Among these, Asia furnished the most—India 28.7 percent, China 20.1 percent and the islands of the Polynesian Archipelago 28.1 percent. It is impossible, of course, to enumerate all the communities, but even the few pictures we have printed—comprising sisters of every race—are proof that we are indeed "sisters all" in Christ!



The native sisters of Uganda attending classes conducted by the White Sisters at their training school for teachers at Bwanda.

* * *

One of the youngest among these sisterhoods is a community of our own American Indian sisters, established in 1935. When the Indian girls at the Mission School in Marty, S.D. requested Father Sylvester Eisenman, O.S.B.,

"Why could not those new disciple
life practice the evangelical counsels? It
office to institute native religious congre
Pope Pius XII in speaking to the bis
countries.

These Chinese postulants are smiling at you from in front of their Convent of Our Lady of the Angels at Tsinanfu.

who is in charge of the mission, to give them the opportunity to live as religious in an Indian sisterhood, Father took steps to establish such a community. The late Bishop Bernard Mahoney of Sioux Falls gave the project his hearty approval, and the Reverend Mother Katherine Drexel sent one of her own Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament to train these girls in the religious life. On October 6th, 1935 the first seven received the gray dress of postulants, and on June 8th five of these received the white veil and began their novitiate. Two years later, on another June 8th, three made their first vows. Since then two others have been professed. These sisters are engaged in the various works of the mission, and at the same time they are continuing their education in order to fit themselves to teach in the mission school. At present they are under the guidance of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

* * *

According to the latest statistics the native sisters of Uganda alone number no less than 330 professed sisters and ninety novices and postulants. When they enter upon the religious life these African sisters do not change their way of living but continue to fare as the native women do with the exception of the religious habit and rule of life. Their habit is very simply made from blue calico, fastened at the waist by a belt, a cape of similar material, a crucifix and a light veil. They always walk barefoot, and themselves dig their own banana field, thus providing their meals. At present several of these sisters are attending the training school for teachers conducted by the White Sisters at Bwanda. Others are also trained as nurses. By engaging in these works among their own people they render invaluable services to the Church—for who, better than they, can know and understand their own?

* * *

The Christian women of the Far East have responded very generously to the religious vocation. In China, each perfecture in which the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost are working, has its own native sisterhood. Already thirty years ago the first Oblates of the Holy Family were established by Bishop Henninghaus at Shantung. Their work proved so successful that other bishops of the Society of the Divine Word established similar communities which do teaching, nursing and social work in each of their districts.

* * *

The group of Chinese sisters in the picture at the upper left hand corner are postulants in the Con-

Many a homeless little one finds a welcome with the Franciscan Oblate Sisters. This picture was taken at their orphanage in Jubolpore, India.

es of Christ who are called to a higher
is one of the principal duties of our
gations for both men and women." —
nops and religious superiors of mission

vent of Our Lady of the Angels, established by the Franciscan Sisters of St. Francis, Wisconsin at Tsinanfu, Hungkialou, China. The first four members of this native community made their novitiate with the Franciscan sisters here in the United States as far back as 1930. Six years later a second group of Chinese girls entered the postulate here, and when Rome granted permission to open a novitiate for native girls at Tsinanfu, many more were received. At present the number of sisters in this community has increased to nineteen professed sisters, ten novices and a number of postulants.

The professed sisters are employed in domestic work, sewing and embroidering. Some teach—one acting as principal of an elementary school, while others are instructors in both grade and high schools.

* * *

In all the countries in which they work, the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary have established Oblate Franciscan Sisters. Under the protection of the Constitutions of their Institute these sisters make annual vows for some years and have a special rule which permits them to retain their native customs and adapt themselves to the varying conditions under the Vicars Apostolic of the different missions. In the schools and orphanages of India, Burma and China the Oblate Sister is highly appreciated as a teacher, and every year a new contingent of qualified teachers receive their degrees. At present there are about forty-three of these in India, seventeen in Burma, six in Africa and thirteen in China.

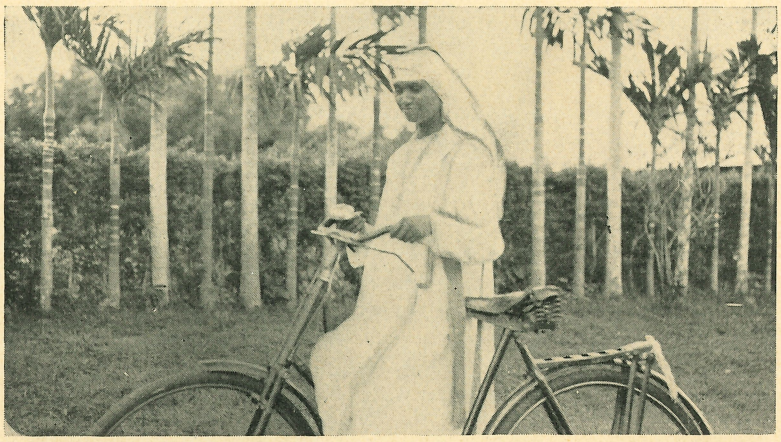
As shown by the pictures below, nursing and the conducting of orphan asylums are also among the chief works undertaken by these sisters. It is particularly interesting to note that, before the death of Mother Mary of the Passion in 1904, there already existed novitiates for native sisters at Coimbatore and Mylapore, India. And as early as 1909 and 1911 other convents had been opened in Burma and Madagascar. The total number of Franciscan Oblates has reached some 1,108 native sisters. Seven hundred of these follow the integral rule of the Institute of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary—the rest follow the Oblate rule.

* * *

The native sister holding the little youngster is a Siamese sister in the community of the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres, who conduct the St. Louis Hospital in Bangkok. There are several Siamese, Chinese and Filipino sisters in their community. At Bangkok there is also a flourishing native community of Siamese sisters known as the "Lovers of the Cross," which was originally founded by a Father of the Paris Foreign Mission Society at Saigon, Indo-China. Vocations to this community are numerous, and the sisters engage in a variety of works. They go from village to village in groups—some to teach

This Siamese Sister of St. Paul of Chartres is a nurse at the St. Louis Hospital in Bangkok.

Visiting the sick in the villages is one of the many works of the Franciscan Oblates.



Bicycling is a favorite mode of travel with the Indian sisters—Associates of Mary, Queen of the Apostles.

school, others to cook for the Fathers of the mission, while others do work in connection with the parish household and the sacristy. All the work about their large convent in Bangkok is done by these sisters alone. There they produce the beautiful needlework and embroidery which provides their only income. In connection with their Motherhouse and Novitiate they conduct a nursery for poor children which gives the sisters the opportunity to learn how to take proper care of little ones.

* * *

The Indian sister above, who is about to "take off" on her bicycle, is a member of the "Associates of Mary, Queen of the Apostles," a community organized by the Holy Cross Sisters to care for the sick and to teach in the village grade schools of Bengal. The foundation of this religious community was inaugurated in 1933 under the direction of Bishop Crowley, C.S.C. The first seven postulants, selected from among the girls who had attended the school conducted by the Holy Cross Sisters at Toomiliah, received the habit on August 15th, 1934. So far no vows have been formally taken by these sisters, but they sign a promise for one year, which is regularly renewed.

The Associates of Mary have their own convent and novitiate, located on the same compound as that of the Holy Cross Sisters at Toomiliah, but they eat, pray and recreate as a separate community, since the desire of the Bishop is to keep them strictly native. In keeping with their native customs, these sisters always go barefoot—and their habit resembles the native dress in that it is very simply fashioned from two "saris."

At present this community numbers some forty-five Bengali women—some of whom are in training at Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, while others are preparing to be teachers at the training school of the Loretto Sisters in Calcutta.

As we can see from only these few sketches, native sisters are invaluable in the missions. They have natural bonds of interest with their own people. They understand their own environment. Language presents no difficulties for them. They appreciate the customs, morals and manners of their own nation in those fine points which evade the foreigner's most careful study. Moreover, they inspire in others of their own land that trust and confidence which is not given to a stranger. Better than anyone else, the indigenous priests, brothers and sisters are fitted to extend the Kingdom of Christ among the people of their own nation.

The pictures accompanying this article have been reprinted through the courtesy of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, the White Sisters, the Franciscan Sisters of St. Francis, Wis., and the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

These Sisters of Our Lady of the Snows are members of the first community of native sisters in Alaska.

Alaskan Sisterhood

by

The Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.

In Alaska, as elsewhere, the great value of native sisters and brothers has not been overlooked. But, as in most other matters, in this too our mission has had to contend with peculiar difficulties in enlisting their valuable services.

The native population is only some 20,000. Of that number perhaps three-fourths are still pagans or non-Catholics. Distances are immense and means of communication very poor, even where they are relatively much better than in other sections of Alaska. Then too, educational standards are very low and illiteracy high.

Language is a special difficulty for us; for among those who would be the most likely ones to develop a vocation, English is used very little. They habitually speak their native Innuit. Our missionaries, however, as a rule know too little Innuit to handle it really well. In the past they have not had the leizure to sit down and make a systematic study of it, nor to write a good grammar to help themselves and others to a better command of this hard language. Our mission is only a little over fifty years old, and priests and sisters have been regularly scarce, so that the performance of their ordinary duties took up just about all their available time.

So far we have had only one Eskimo boy who entered the Jesuit novitiate. He died shortly after completing his noviceship. Just one other is thinking along the same lines, but that is all we have to show in the way of lay brothers. The idea of a native congregation of brothers was also tried. But it was soon evident that our Eskimo boys are not yet ready in sufficient numbers to make such a foundation possible. Boys have to begin work early, and so get even less schooling than do the girls. Nor are they as pious naturally and as much attracted as the girls to religious life. Only two finished their postulancy and took the habit. But even these left before taking any vows. With them expired the idea of native brothers, for the present at least.

But the sisters have done much better. Since August 5, 1932 they have persevered under almost intolerable conditions. They were formally approved by the Most Reverend Joseph R. Crimont, S.J. and have their mother-house at Hooper Bay. Out of the nineteen who have passed through the novitiate so far, three died within the first three years. Four persevered to the present, and eleven served the mission as members of the community from two to five years each. The Sisters of Our Lady of the Snows take only temporary vows which are renewed at a definite time each year.

Two Ursuline nuns, Mother Mary of the Blessed Sacrament Hargedon and Mother Scholastica Lohagen, were just recently assigned to Hooper Bay by their Reverend Mother General, Marie de Sainte-Jean Martin. Their work will be to train the future members of our native community and to help them in their activity for the benefit of their fellow-natives. The ordinary work of the native sisters is the conducting of little mission schools, catechising wherever possible, caring for the sick in as far as their limited knowledge and means permit, and devoting themselves to the other corporal and spiritual works of mercy.

But while devoting their time to the apostolic labors just mentioned they do not neglect their own native arts. They know how to mush a dogteam, can hunt and fish when the occasion presents itself, and do a great deal of beautiful needle-work, bead-work, and painting.

In explanation of the large proportion of those who persevered no longer than they did, the following may be added. Only three of these left after the completion of our new convent in 1938. And even of these three, two were rather dismissed on account of the little English they knew. In fact, they left very unwillingly. But it was clear that they knew too little English to follow the instructions given by the sisters who will now be in charge of the community. Before the building of the new convent, perseverance demanded the practice of almost heroic virtue from all the sisters. And that could not reasonably be required from any community.

It is notable too, that up to the present Hooper Bay had only one priest. Whenever he left, which was rather frequently, the sisters were left entirely alone to carry on, with no priest for a week or two or longer (once for a month and a half). This year another priest and a brother have been assigned to Hooper Bay, thus making sure that the mission will never be without the services of a priest. However, at the four dependent stations where the sisters teach and catechise, they will still be for rather long periods without this help. Nevertheless, under these circumstances they will strive to carry on—the Sisters of Our Lady of the Snows —the first community of native sisters in Alaska.

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savages to the south were more in need of a physician than the settlers at Quebec. Accordingly he begged to be permitted to return to the land of the Hurons with Father Jogues. He received the permission from Father Vimont, the Jesuit Superior at Quebec, and in July, 1642 the canoes were pushed out into the river below the town.

There were perils ahead, perils from starvation, drowning, exhaustion, wild beasts and an Iroquois ambush. They were to escape them all, except the last. A band of Iroquois trapped them on the river in the early days of August, and those who were not killed on the spot, were led away captive. Rene was only thirty-five, but he had already reached his Calvary.

Cruelty and torture that exhaust the imagination preceded an eight weeks'slavery. There is little more to tell. Rene's course was almost run when Isaac Jogues admitted him into the Society of Jesus.

In the eighth week of his slavery he committed the fatal crime of making the sign of the Cross over an Indian boy. He had signed his death warrant, and an Indian tomahawk wrote finis and martyrdom to the career of the French surgeon who brought medicine to the missions.

Saint Rene Goupil has not been forgotten, for today America is sending more than its share of skilled medical men and women to other savages and other missions.

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just right; the fields and trees are green and fresh, and such flowers— big clusters of roses, a profusion of sweet-peas, lilacs, snowballs, pansies, carnations, and a dozen other kinds! In the fall the choice is less wide, but the gorgeous poinsetta trees make up for any deficiency. They simply shout "Christmas" from November to January.

And then, believe it or not, between December and March comes our annual cold spell! It is a tradition in our house that the cold is ten times worse than the heat. "Give me the summer any time," is the universal cry. Woolies, vests, sweaters, mittens, capes, shawls and even bedsocks—I never saw so many clothes on people in my life! The early morning hours, especially Mass in the empty, hollow, parish church are the worst. It takes hot breakfast coffee to make you feel human again.

Actually, although I know it is heresy to say so, the cold is not so severe. It just feels that way, because of the unheated house and the previous summer heat. Rooms have fireplaces, "English style," which devour coal and barely take the chill off the room. But thorough, efficient, American central heating is an unknown commodity in this country. Never mind—there are always bedsocks!

It must be admitted that in general the Indian people take the climate admirably. They have a tendency to loaf in the shade in summer and cluster around "anghities" (little portable charcoal stoves) in winter, but they rarely complain. They just accept it—like anything else in life—straight from the hand of God. And, after all, why not? What is the good of fussing or murmuring? Here is a rhyme to remember:

"Whether the weather is cold, or
Whether the weather is hot,
Whether the weather
We'll weather the weather,
Whether we like it or not!"

S.S. Cosmas and Damien practiced medicine
NOT
for selfish gain or scientific stuff,
BUT
for the LOVE OF GOD.
They ventured out to make the rounds
through hail or thunder,
heat or cold.
And while no money filled their purse—
unselfishness would have it so—
CHRIST filled their HEARTS
with red-hot CHARITY
that made them SAINTS.
Holy Physicians, help us all
to do OUR work
with LESS of self
And MORE of GOD in view. Amen.

In Our Library

ONE INCH OF SPLENDOR by Sister Mary Rosalia. — Field Afar Press, Maryknoll, N. Y., 1941, 88 pp., $1.00.

"One Inch of Splendor" is an apt title for this little mission book on the Maryknoll Sisters' work in China. There are no mass conversions or tales of Oriental riches in this unvarnished story of everyday mission plodding. There is, however, true mission method in the visiting of the sick in their poor homes, mingling with them in their daily tasks and teaching them the doctrine of the "Lord of Heaven," as the Chinese call God. One realizes, after reading the book, that the missioner's work has barely begun—so few are the workers to convert millions! But mission work IS a process of penetration in which the light of Faith dispells the gloom of paganism inch by inch. And these inches are resplendent with the glory to come!

SO BUILD WE, by Mary S. Gardner, A.M., R.N. The Macmillan Co., 1942, clothbound, 223 pp., $2.25.

Like any other person in her capacity Miss Melton has her problems as the director of a visiting nurses' association. She has also the good will, energy, determination, and courage to solve them in the most sensible way. That is what makes "So Build We" a book that will interest and entertain anyone who happens to open it.

To those who have been engaged in the field of visiting nursing it has a very special appeal; for it is full of incidents which no one but an author with years of experience could create and pass on in so fascinating a manner. It is certainly a very vivid word picture of the lives of a group of visiting nurses, the individual members of which are vastly different in temperament, character, and professional adaptability, and withal must be guided and directed by the same individual leader, Miss Melton.

The author of "So Build We," Mary S. Gardner, has answered the question, "Is every nurse suited to be a public health nurse?", and her answer is "No." She does not tell us in so many words, but by giving us an insight into the necessary qualifications of a public health nurse and showing us what happens when a nurse attempts visiting nursing without these qualifications, she leaves no doubt as to her conclusion. There are many branches in the nursing profession, and it is the duty of every nurse to seek to occupy herself in that branch in which her personal talents will be of the greatest service.

Each incident in this very interesting, fictional biography is so complete that it can be picked up at odd moments and read little by little. This is a feature which will please all student nurses, particularly, to say nothing of the pleasure it will afford to the many others whose day is too full to allow a complete reading of it at one sitting.

RADIO REPLIES, by Rumble and Carty, Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minn., 1942, paper cover, 346 pp., mission edition—$.40

Thinking Catholics and non-Catholics alike will welcome this third volume of "Radio Replies" by Rumble and Carty. Written in the form of questions and answers, all of which are classified under various headings and sub-headings, this volume, like the two preceding it, comprises a valuable compendium of Catholic truth.

The answers deal with a variety of pertinent subjects — among them birth control, divorce, mixed marriage, and other social questions concerning private property, a just wage, social security, and the like.

As Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen has pointed out in the preface, this book is to be especially welcomed in these times when the art of controversy and thoughtful argument seems to have been lost. He says: "The Church asks her children to think hard and clean. Then she asks them to do two things with their thoughts . . . to externalize them in the concrete world of economics, government, commerce and education and by this externalization of beautiful, clean thoughts to produce a beautiful and clean civilization . . . She asks them also to internalize their thoughts and thus produce spirituality." It is in the interests of Catholic "straight-thinking"—so necessary today—that these "Radio Replies" have been published.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. James C. Byrne, St. Paul, Minn.
Sister Mary Assisium, Hartford, Conn.
Sister Margaret Mary, Hartford, Conn.
Sister Mary Martha, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Sister M. Vigilus, Holy Cross, Ind.
Sister M. Ernesta, Holy Cross, Ind.
Mrs. Mary Losinski, Curtis Bay, Md.
Miss Blanche M. Dillon, South Orange, N. J.
Mr. Robert S. Shriver, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. Elizabeth Baummer, Baltimore, Md.

News from Home and Abroad

Left to right: Sisters M. Loretto, Louise and Francesca

On August 15th, the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, three novices made their first vows as members of the Society. The ceremony was held in the Chapel at the Motherhouse and came as the climax of an eight-day retreat given by the Very Rev. Thomas Kilduff, O.C.D. of Washington, D.C. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas F. McNally, LL.D. presided, assisted by the Rev. John O'Rourke, C.S.C. and the Rev. Theophane Carroll, O.F.M.. The Rev. Joseph Murphy, C.Ss.P. was also present.

Those who were professed are as follows:

Sister M. Loretto (Marie Weig) of Buffalo, N.Y.; Sister M. Francesca (Dorothy Carroll) of Baltimore, Md. and Sister M. Louise (Jane Flannery) of Pittsburgh, Pa.

The sermon was preached by the retreat master, Father Kilduff, who chose as his theme the words: "The Kingdom of Heaven is like to a merchant in search of fine pearls. When he has found one of great price, he goes, sells all that he has and buys it." (Mathew 13:46)

"Our life in union with Christ," he said, "is a certain exchange—an exchange of the temporal for the eternal—an exchange of the material for the spiritual—an exchange of all that we have in this world for all that God has in store for us in the next . . . There seem to be few who realize that the gospel is fundamentally radical—a gospel of sincere giving of all that we have, before we begin to appreciate that which Christ has to give us—that life which He came to give that we might have it and have it in abundance.

"It seems to me that the Medical Missionary is one who has diagnosed the evils of the world as the Divine Physician diagnosed them long ago. Christ said: 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?' There is nothing, as our Divine Savior said, that compares with the salvation of souls. Christ was radical—He not only cured bodies, but went deeper into the very hearts of men, as when He cured the paralytic, and then, as a proof that the cure was of a divine source, He turned to him and cured the fundamental evil of his life by forgiving his sins.

"In that sense the Medical Missionary is as radical as Christ. She is not satisfied with merely the administration of the science of medicine—with merely those exterior administrations of comfort that are given out of a humanitarian sense of sympathy. But she is as radical as Christ in that she wishes to bring Christ to souls as well as she brings comfort to bodies. Therefore she first gives all to be united with Christ, that she may carry out Christ's work in the field of medicine—that she may not only help to heal the sick, but give them Christ by making Him better known and loved. She would be a failure as a Medical Missionary if she could only help the bodies of men; she would be a failure as a religious if she could not give Christ. Therefore, we find that one who has dedicated her life to mis-

sionary endeavors in the service of Christ, is at the same time dedicating her soul to Christ. It is most logical—it is what we should expect—that anyone who would bring good to his neighbor would bring it from the source of all good, which is union with Christ . . .

"It is fitting then, that the Medical Missionary make her vows to God, that she may be the effective instrument that God intends that all be in the labors to which He calls us—that she may not only bring healing to bodies, but may bring Christ to souls."

* * *

The sisters in Rawalpindi seem to have been the recipients of a variety of presents—among them, cream separators, dinners, and ducks! Sister Elise writes:

"The other day one of our patients presented us with—of all things—a cream separator! When it arrived it caused a real 'tomasha!' Sister Nicola set it up and started pouring in the milk. She turned the handle for all she was worth, but nary a bit of cream came out. Sister Margaret Mary and several others were all called in for consultation—but, though they turned and they turned, nothing happened.

"Finally, just for fun, Sister Alma Julia took a sample of milk to the laboratory and proceeded to test it in the centrifuge. At the end of ten minutes you still could not see where the cream began and the milk ended. So now the precious cream separator is packed away until the day when someone will be headed homeward for Philly. We hope the 'Fox Chase milk' will be more yielding!

"Incidentally, it is an ill wind that blows no good! For years we have been skimming the milk for the formulas of our tiniest babies. Now it appears that all this is 'love's labor lost.' But since our discovery the nurse can finish in half the time every morning—so the present proved to be very useful after all.

"Three days ago we received another present—this time a pair of fat geese. They spent their days waddling around a tree on a four foot piece of rope and their nights in the coal shed. Did I say they were **white** geese? Well, they were—once! Sister Bernadette was very proud of the 'ducks' as she called them—only she pronounced it 'dogs,' which gave rise to some funny misunderstandings. The other day at table she informed the assembled community that the 'dogs' were loose and all the kitchen boys were after them, shouting and brandishing cooking implements. The story became more and more involved, and we all stared at her in amazement—for the only dog on the compound is Dr. Pacheco's little pup, 'Buster.' Finally we decided that she meant the geese had escaped and taken a walk on their way to the coal shed. Anyway, I have not heard them honk today, so I guess they are in the frying pan—a happy ending for this 'dog tale.' "

Sister Hedwig was an "eye witness" to the preparations for a Mohammedan dinner. Evidence is reported as follows:

"Last Sunday we had a real up-to-date Mohammedan dinner. One of our wealthy Indian patients had been in the hospital for about three months, and out of gratitude her father extended a dinner invitation. Preparations began bright and early on a Sunday morning. At least ten to fifteen servants appeared bearing enormous 'curry bowls.' One was for the 'pila.' (This is the rice cooked in meat water and spiced.) Another held the 'sarda' (sweet rice mixed with all kinds of dried fruits and nuts and colored with saffron), while a third contained the curry sauce with the meat balls. Woodfires were built; onions peeled, and meatballs rolled. The flies seemed to do a great deal of buzzing and flitting about, and I am somewhat suspicious that not a few were accidentally caught in between brown fingers and meat and disappeared into the balls. But the taste was delicious—due to the spices or . . .!

"When the cooking was finished the bowls were rolled to the kitchen and the dishing began. The servants wanted to give us individual servings on separate dishes, but we were afraid they would overestimate our appetites. We know only too well what a huge mound of rice they consider sufficient for a meal."

Cooking—à la India!

Miss Minnie S

At Holy Family Farm in Galilee,
The apple crop is rather scarce, you see.
Up in the tree Saint Joseph is searching
For bright red apples that seem to be lacking.

By helping the sick in far away Pindi
We are trying to "harvest" for Christ—
But for lack of red bricks and a hundred more beds,
We too—seem to be—"up a tree."

And so to you we appeal,
To help please to harvest and heal.
Whatever you send, be it dollars or cents,
Will be quickly transformed into "apples" and "bricks,"
YOUR SHARE IN THE HARVEST FOR CHRIST!

We need your help in the harvest—

To build a new 100 bed hospital

For Pindi!

Mother Anna Dengel
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mother Dengel:

I would like to help you "harvest for Christ." Enclosed please find $..... to buy bricks for Pindi.

Very sincerely,

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